

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

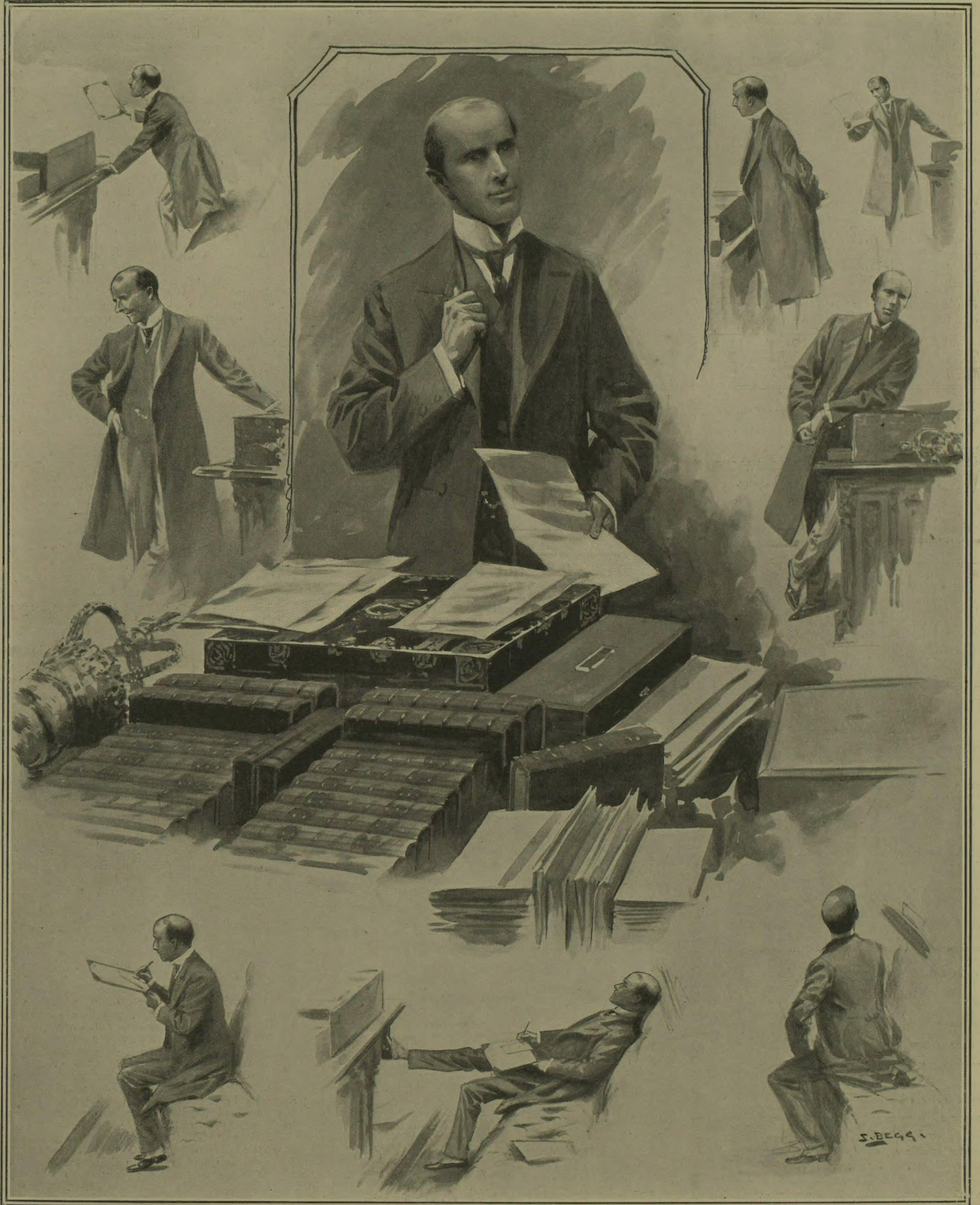
REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.

No. 3593.—VOL. CXXXII.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 29, 1908.

SIXPENCE.

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THE NEW EDUCATION BILL: MR. McKENNA INTRODUCING THE MEASURE, FEBRUARY 24.

SKETCHES IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS BY S. BEGG.

Once more the Government has committed itself to its most formidable bone of contention—an Education Bill. The measure was ably introduced by Mr. McKenna, and was bitterly criticised by Mr. Balfour. The main feature of Mr. McKenna's Bill is the establishment of only one type of elementary school, provided, controlled and managed by the public; the teachers to be appointed without religious tests. No child is to be compelled to attend any other kind of school. Our illustration is No. III. of the series, "Mannerisms of the Member."

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PARLIAMENT.

OLD cries and old phrases have been revived in the controversy on the new Education Bill which Mr. McKenna has introduced in the House of Commons. Voluntary schools, public control, single-school areas, the Cowper-Temple clause, the wishes of the parents, the Passive Resisters, rate-aid and grant-aid—all have again appeared, and have brought as much passion and bitterness as ever. Moreover, there is a new phrase in the old controversy. Contracting-out has been familiar in connection with ground-game Bills and employers' liability. Now it plays a part in the scheme of education. In areas with only one school, that school must be a public elementary school, but elsewhere Voluntary schools may, under certain conditions, contract-out of public control by sacrificing rate-aid. On the other hand, the Parliamentary grants to them will be increased by 4s. or 6s. per child. Liberal Nonconformists dislike the idea of contracting-out, and consider the terms to the owners of Voluntary schools rather generous. On the other hand, Conservative Churchmen contend that the Bill is grossly unfair. There has been a great deal of the subtle argument in which Mr. Balfour excels. "I secured popular control over secular education in Voluntary schools," says, in effect, the Conservative leader. "How can there be popular control," says Mr. Asquith, "when the teacher is appointed by the denominational managers?" "What becomes of your election pledges," asks Mr. Balfour, "when you abandon popular control in the case of the contracting-out schools, and what is the difference between the grant-aid they are to receive and the rate-aid to which the Passive Resisters object?" "Local control," replies Mr. Asquith, with emphasis on local, "disappears with rate-aid, but there will be State control through the Board of Education." "And the teacher is to be appointed by the denominational managers," rejoins Mr. Balfour, in a taunting tone, whereupon the controversy turns to another point. This is a condensation of the sort of dialogue that will go on—with interjections by Roman Catholics and Secularists, with Mr. Perks on a back bench and Lord Halifax in the Peers' gallery—till the Bill goes to another place. Meantime, in the domain of social legislation, the House of Commons has followed up the introduction of the Children Bill by reading a second time and sending to the Home Work Committee a Bill dealing with wages in Sweated Industries.

THE MIGRATION OF THE NORWEGIAN
LEMMING.

(See Double-Page Illustration.)

AMONG the wonders of animal life the migrations of the lemming have always held a very prominent place; and this because of the vast scale on which they take place, and the sporadic nature of their occurrence.

The Norwegian lemming, it may be remarked, is a native of the mountains of the Scandinavian Peninsula; and is a near relative of our water-vole, or "water-rat," as it is more commonly called.

As is the nature of their tribe, they multiply with exceeding rapidity, so that at last the surplus population is compelled to seek new feeding-grounds. Accordingly, they descend the mountains in great hordes, and clearing up every green thing before them, finally reach the seashore. This, however, is no barrier to their determined onward march. Prosecuted so far in spite of every obstacle, they now boldly plunge into the water and strike out, apparently for some imaginary Elysian Fields, with the result, of course, that not a single lemming of the whole troop escapes a watery grave!

During this march, which takes about three years, they are subjected to a fierce and unrelenting persecution. Eagles, hawks, and owls harass them from above, foxes and other carnivora attack them on all sides, while even the reindeer are said to join in this work of devastation. Thus thousands upon thousands meet with violent deaths of one kind or another, and thousands and thousands more fall by the way from the more subtle attacks of disease.

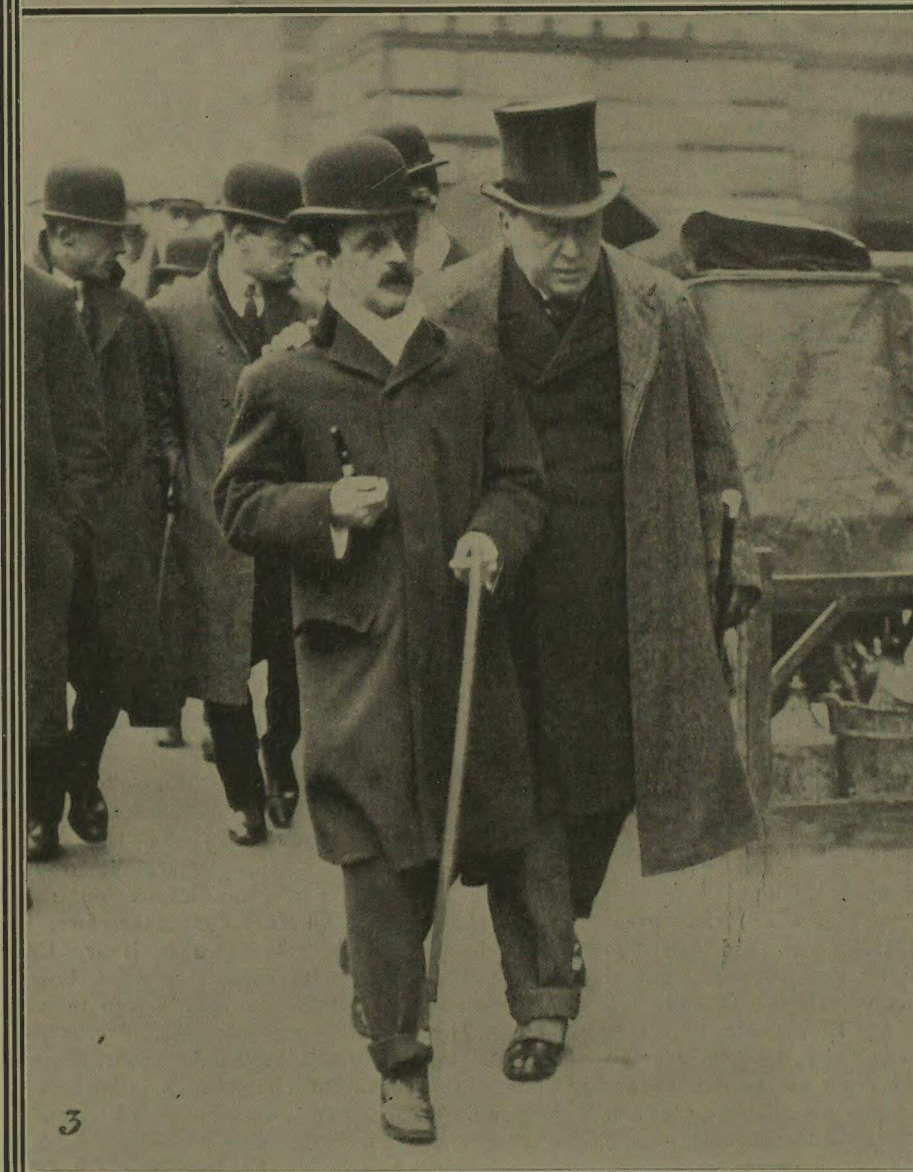
Hitherto it has been supposed that the journey towards this imaginary Promised Land invariably ended in the extermination of every participant in this terrible march. It would seem, however, from recent observations, that the invisible Pied Piper which lures on the host leaves a few individuals by the way, which remain at intervals along the route to form small new settlements. Thus, in the autumn of 1906 there was a lemming-migration in Sweden, and in the succeeding spring and summer numbers were found breeding in the coast districts, where they soon increased sufficiently to work considerable damage to the vegetation.

It now remains to be seen whether these colonies will gradually die out, or whether they will still further increase. Since a vigorous war is gradually springing up here, as in this country, on so-called "vermin," in the supposed interests of game-preserving, it is probable that they will increase. The fact that they have not hitherto done so, but have been confined to their mountain fastnesses—save for these occasional emigrations—is probably due to the circumstance that "vermin" were sufficiently numerous to protect the country.

W. P. PYCRAFT.

Our portrait of Mr. R. C. Hawkin which appears as an inset to the Dutch wedding illustration is by Vandyk; that of Miss Marie Botha is by Langfier.

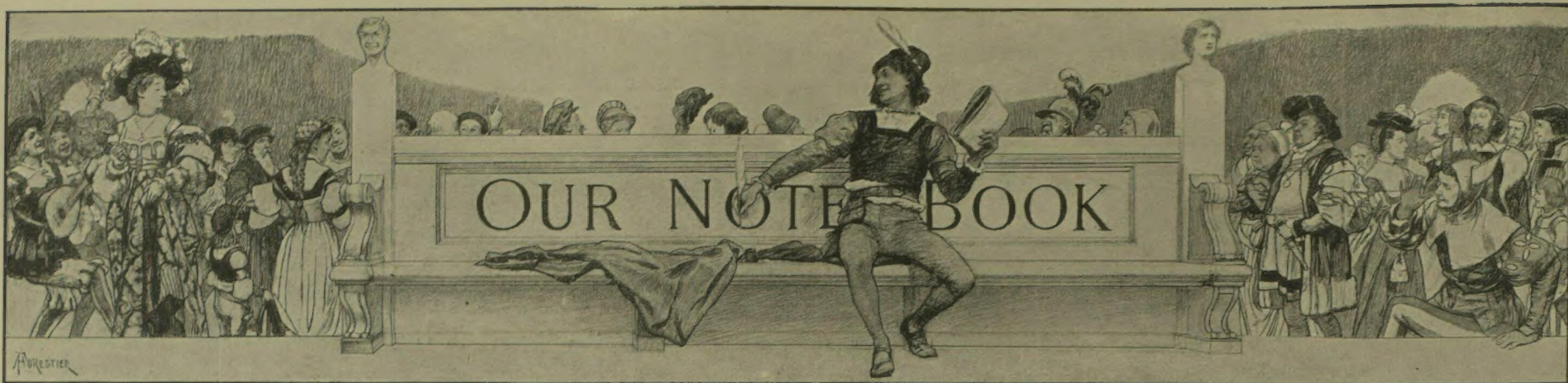
THE QUESTION OF THE CENSORSHIP OF PLAYS: THE DRAMATISTS' DEPUTATION TO THE HOME OFFICE.



1. MR. GRANVILLE BARKER (IN THE CENTRE) AFTER THE INTERVIEW WITH MR. GLADSTONE.
3. MR. J. M. BARRIE (WITH HIS INSEPARABLE PIPE) AND MR. HENRY JAMES.

2. SIR W. S. GILBERT ON THE STEPS OF THE HOME OFFICE.
4. MR. PINERO AND MR. COMYNS CARR LEAVING THE HOME OFFICE.

On February 25 a deputation of dramatic authors, introduced by Mr. J. M. Barrie, waited on the Home Secretary, in the absence of the Prime Minister, and represented the case for the improvement of the Censorship of Plays. Mr. Barrie was supported by Mr. Pinero and Sir W. S. Gilbert, and there was a large attendance of leading authors. Mr. Gladstone, while expressing a personal sympathy with the object of the deputation, and contending that the Censor had done his duty with a sense of responsibility which left no ground for personal complaint against that official, could only promise to represent the deputation's views to the Prime Minister. These views, as he understood them, were not that the Censorship should be abolished, but that a system should be established under which there should be an appeal to some tribunal. Professor Gilbert Murray returned thanks on behalf of the deputation.—[PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE WORLD'S GRAPHIC PRESS.]



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

A CURIOUS incident happened the other day, illustrating a curious principle. Men can confess separately and privately or generally and publicly. But no ordinary men ought to be asked to confess separately and publicly. It is very hard for a private man to make a public admission. Jones, Brown, and Robinson can all say in church, with complete sincerity, that they are miserable sinners. They are. They know it. But it is quite another matter to ask Jones to say all by himself (his fine tenor voice ringing in the rafters) that he is a miserable sinner, while Brown and Robinson sit grinning at him. This principle may seem a mere piece of selfishness and vanity; yet, in truth, it rests on a very fair basis. To say that Jones has put sand in the sugar without mentioning the fact that in the whole of that Empire or civilisation there is no sugar without sand, is an unfair way of stating the case of Jones. It is true, but it is, in the strictest sense, a lie. It is as if we heard a man accused of being short of one leg, and then only discovered long afterwards that the accuser was a centipede. There is a real sin in being as bad as your society; but it is not the same sin as that of being deliberately worse than your society. If Jones is convicted of a crime he has no claim to be excused of it; but he has a claim to a bare statement touching whether his crime is as common as being cross or as rare as boiling one's mother in oil.

The chief nuisance of this world is that in the case of such common crimes each person or party hurls them at the other. And the chief practical discovery of Christianity was that it would be much more sensible if each person would hurl them at himself. Most merely worldly wisdom, most merely party politics, consist simply in the pot calling the kettle black. Christianity suggested that the efficiency of the kitchen might be greatly improved if both the pot and the kettle called themselves black. The great part of practical politics consists in calling our enemies scoundrels, and while it may be true of our enemies (it generally is) the disadvantage is that it becomes more and more true of ourselves. But the moment we have dropped the pretence of virtue we can get to the fact of it. The moment we agree that we are all scoundrels we can begin to talk like honest men. I ask the reader to imagine, if only for a moment, how happy, how reposeful, how reasonable, and how much released from petty sorrows all our dignified politicians and stately statesmen would become if for one moment they were allowed to base their whole case upon the plain truth that they are all scoundrels. The doctrine of original sin is the most kindly and genial of all doctrines. I wonder whether the reader has ever noticed when dining with his numerous friends in the Cabinet or the House of Lords, that peculiar and painful expression which marks the great modern English statesman. It is a curious expression of face; it is at once unnaturally absent-minded and unnaturally vigilant; it is abstracted and yet hard and strung tight, like that of a man in pain; it combines all the sadness of the brooder with all the morbid alertness of the man of business. It is a difficult expression to decipher properly; but I have deciphered it. I know what that powerful and concentrated look on the face of a Cabinet Minister really means. It means that he is longing to burst into tears and tell the truth.

Now, some few days ago he almost did it; he almost did it in the House of Commons. All men thirst to

confess their crimes more than tired beasts thirst for water; but they naturally object to confessing them while other people, who have also committed the same crimes, sit by and laugh at them. The one really strong case for Christianity is that even those who condemn sins have to confess them. It is a good principle for Pharisees that he who is without sin should cast the first stone. But it is the good principle for Christians that he who casts the first stone should declare that he is not without sin. The criminal may or may not plead guilty. But the judge should always plead guilty.

There are many instances of the historical matter that I mean; but if anyone has not come across it,

is one of them." When Christianity splits on the rock of original evil she has a right to say that the rock is not marked down on any chart except her own. The sins of Christians are a doctrine of Christianity. But it is by no means true that the sins of Imperialists are a doctrine of Imperialism, or that the sins of Socialists are a doctrine of Socialism, or that the sins of the Worshipful Company of Candlestick-Makers are a record dogma of that institution. We do not lack abuses in the strict sense of that word; what we sadly lack is abuse, in the popular sense of it. We have not enough people to abuse the abuses. We do not lack what corresponds to the corrupt monastery; we lack what corresponds to the courageous and denunciatory priest. It is not that we have not got enough scoundrels to curse, but that we have not got enough good men to curse them—to curse them with that violence and variety which we have a right to expect.

But I have wandered from my first intention, which was to illustrate this from a recent scene in Parliament. It is a strong case of the fact that reform is commonly impeded by the dramatic interchange of accusations, while it might be advanced by a general chorus of confessions. Once (to take an old case first), Mr. Dillon called Mr. Chamberlain a liar, because Mr. Chamberlain had called him a good judge of traitors. In that special interchange of epithets Mr. Dillon showed himself a gentleman, while Mr. Chamberlain showed himself—well, we will say a master of modern procedure. But what a comfort it would be to everyone if we could all fall back on the simple statements that we are all liars and all traitors. All men are liars; and David had no need to apologise for the remark or attribute it to his own temperamental impetuosity. But though we are all liars, we all love truth. We are all traitors; we have all betrayed our country, or our country would not be what it is. But though we have all betrayed it, we all love it.

A Parliamentary resolution was moved by Mr. Belloc which was, in the most powerful sense, a non-party motion. It regretted that both parties made use of secret funds. If this had been an attack upon somebody the trumpets would have blown, the hosts been set in order, and we should have heard above the whole battle-field the old metallic clash of the kettle and the pot. But though Mr. Belloc's attack

was daring, it was not an attack on somebody. It was an attack on everybody; therefore, it could be welcomed by everybody. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman would repudiate a charge brought by Mr. Balfour; Mr. Balfour would repudiate a charge brought by Sir Henry. But Mr. Balfour and Sir Henry, standing hand in hand, would confess anything. This beautiful image might really have been achieved by Mr. Belloc's soothing influence. In the ordinary way Mr. Belloc is not what you might call a soothing person, but here he really tried to be gentle in order to encourage coy sinners from the two Front Benches to come forth. Then happened a most extraordinary thing, whether by accident or design. It may have been coincidence; it may have been the Cabinet; it may have been the Devil. But Mr. Buckmaster moved an Amendment to the effect that while everybody was very bad, Tariff Reformers were especially bad. I need hardly say that this smashed all hopes of a general confession.



Photo. Topical.

THE KAISER'S DAUGHTER AND HER LITTLE DOG: HER ROYAL HIGHNESS TAKING A MORNING WALK IN BERLIN.

here is a case. When people attempt to defend (more and more feebly as time goes on) that great *coup-d'état* of Henry VIII. which did the two disastrous things of abolishing the monasteries and founding the British aristocracy, they commonly fall back on one class of facts. They quote letters in which Bishops and Abbots of the age spoke with the utmost loathing of the corruptions in the monasteries. They discredit the Church with these criticisms. They never credit the Church with criticising itself. They forget that as human institutions go, the Church was not peculiar in having evils, but peculiar in admitting them. We all remember the old story of the Irish pilot who took a gentleman's yacht into port, declaring that he knew every rock in the harbour. A few minutes afterwards the vessel crashed upon an enormous crag, and when the owner cried angrily to the pilot, "But I thought you knew every rock in the harbour!" the pilot replied with equal freshness and indignation, "And so I do; and this

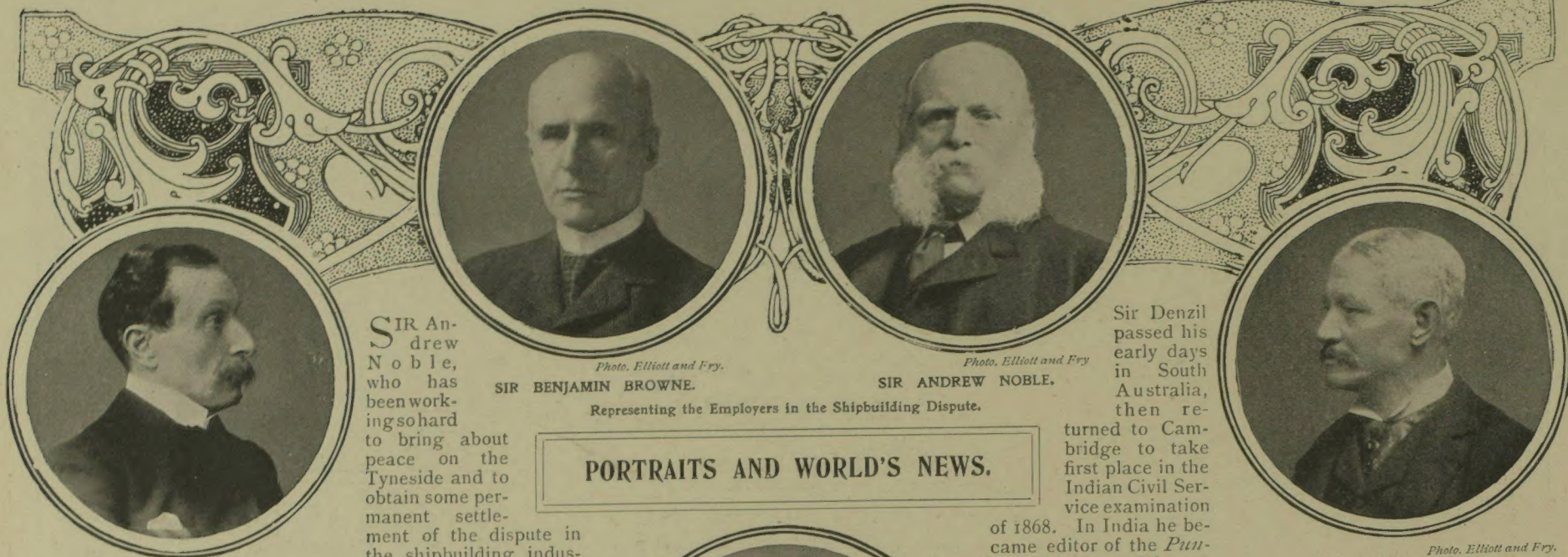
"THE MOLLUSC": MISS MARY MOORE IN HER FAMOUS PART.

DRAWN BY FRANK HAVILAND AT A SPECIAL SITTING GRANTED TO "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS."



"MALADE IMAGINAIRE": MISS MARY MOORE AS THE MOLLUSC. AT THE CRITERION.

Miss Mary Moore in all her successful impersonations has never done anything so wonderful as her Mrs. Bagster, "the Mollusc," a woman who compels everyone to do everything for her and who is too indolent to dismiss her indispensable attendant even when she finds her husband flirting with her.



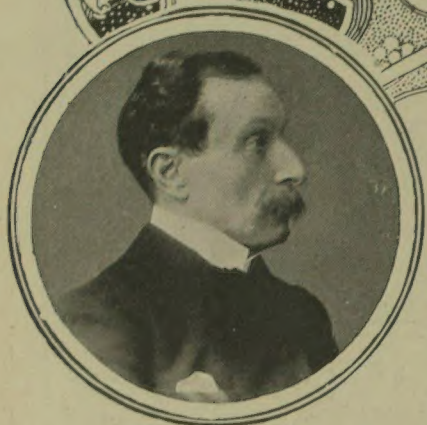
SIR BENJAMIN BROWNE.

Photo, Elliott and Fry.

SIR ANDREW NOBLE.

Photo, Elliott and Fry.

PORTRAITS AND WORLD'S NEWS.

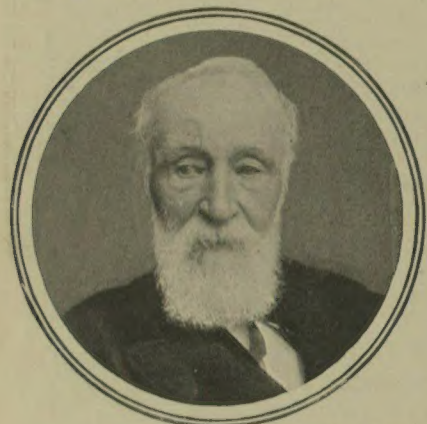


Photo, Le Lievre.

SIGNOR NASI,

Italian Ex-Minister, Condemned for Peculation.

born nearly seventy-six years ago. After being educated at Edinburgh and Woolwich, and serving various Government Committees that deal with explosives and armour, Andrew Noble joined the firm of Sir W. G. Armstrong and Co. in 1860. He is a Fellow of the Royal Society, a Doctor of Science, and a Doctor of Civil Law. He has published many interesting papers and pamphlets and lectured upon gunnery and explosives. Sir Andrew, who is the first Baronet of a creation now six years old, was appointed a member of the Tariff Commission in 1904.



Photo, Russell.

THE LATE MR. WILLIAM CALLOW,

Water-Colour Painter.

has taken a great interest in the social economic question, has been Mayor of Newcastle.

Mr. William Callow, who died at Great Missenden last week, was the oldest British artist. Born in 1812, he was an Associate of the Old Water Colour Society for seventy years, and exhibited an average of twenty drawings there every year. As a boy of nineteen, Mr. Callow was appointed Professor of Drawing to the family of King Louis Philippe, and for many

Sir Benjamin Browne, who is associated with Sir Andrew Noble in an attempt to improve matters on the Tyneside, is the chairman of the great engineering and shipbuilding house of Hawthorn, Leslie, and Co., and he also has served in the Armstrong works at Elswick. Sir Benjamin, who



Photo, Illustrations Bureau.

THE LATE MAJOR THE HON. DOUGLAS FORBES-SEMPILL, D.S.O.,

Killed on the Indian North-West Frontier.

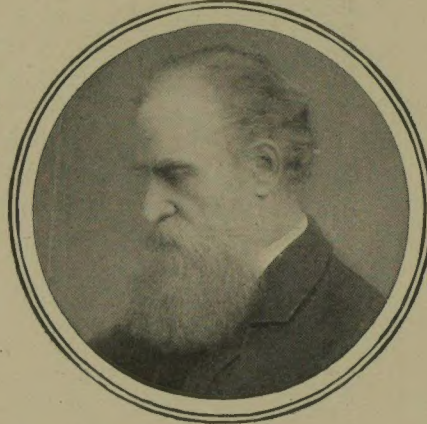
was that he was compelled to flee the country in 1873, and he only returned to it a month or two ago, to be arrested upon the day when he hoped to

of 1868. In India he became editor of the *Punjab Gazetteer*, Director of Public Instruction, and a member of the Commission appointed to inquire into the working of the Deccan Agriculturists Relief Act. He was appointed Secretary to the Government of India in the Agricultural and Revenue Department, Chief Commissioner of the Central Provinces, Member of the Executive Council, and finally Lieutenant-Governor of his Province. Not all Sir Denzil's modesty could hide his remarkable gifts.

Nicholas Tchaikovsky, now imprisoned in the fortress of Peter and Paul, is one of the most distinguished chiefs of the Russian Reform movement. He started his political career in 1869, when a student of chemistry at a Russian University, by founding the Tchaikovsky Circle, a society of students established for the enlightenment of the artisan and peasant. The result of his energy was that he was compelled to flee the country in 1873, and he only returned to it a month or two ago, to be arrested upon the day when he hoped to



Photo, Elliott and Fry.

THE LATE SIR DENZIL IBBETSON,
Ex-Governor of the Punjab.

NICHOLAS TSCHAYKOVSKY,

Imprisoned Leader of the Russian Reform Movement.

leave for England. A memorial to the Russian Ambassador on behalf of Mr. Tchaikovsky has been signed by the most distinguished leaders of thought in this country. It may be doubted whether a memorial has ever met with such a response when issued in England on behalf of a citizen of a foreign country.

Dr. Thomas Lamb Phipson, F.C.S., whose death is announced, was a distinguished man of science, who was at one time assistant editor of the



Photo, Bolak.

THE NEW DREYFUS: SUB-LIEUTENANT ULLMO ON TRIAL AT TOULON.

Naval Sub-lieutenant Ullmo was charged with having tried to disclose secrets of national defence to a foreign Power. He was found guilty, and was sentenced to transportation for life and to degradation from his rank.

years he had a studio in Paris, and exhibited in French provincial towns. He published several engraved works. Mr. Callow retired to Great Missenden in 1855, and a "one man" show of his work was held as late as November at the Leicester Galleries.

Khamil Pasha, the leader of the Egyptian Nationalists, whose funeral was the occasion of an extraordinary demonstration, was one of the men who have taken a considerable part in the moulding of modern Egyptian opinion. In the course of his career he held several positions of trust and responsibility. Of late his prestige had greatly declined.



Photo, Stanley.

THE LATE KHAMIL PASHA,

Egyptian Patriot.

the course of his career he held several positions of trust and responsibility. Of late his prestige had greatly declined.

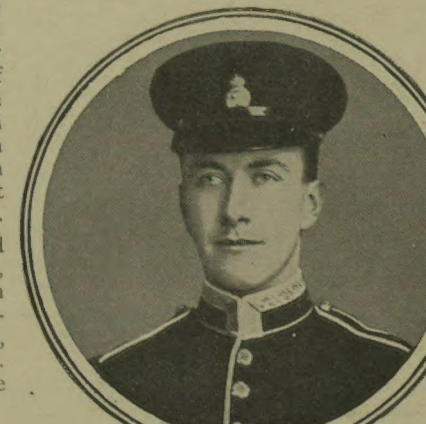
Major C. Douglas Forbes-Sempill, D.S.O., who was killed on Feb. 21 while leading an attack against the Zakka Khels, was acting in command of the 1st Battalion of the Seaforth Highlanders, a regiment he joined in 1885. Major Forbes-Sempill had seen service in the Hazara and Chitral campaigns, and took a distinguished part in the last South African War. A son of the seventeenth Lord Sempill, and brother of the present peer, he was born in 1865.

Second-Lieutenant Ian Campbell MacFadyen, who was wounded during the operations against the Zakka Khels in the Bazar Valley and succumbed to his injuries a few days later, passed out of Sandhurst in August last. He received his commission in the Indian Army, was posted to the unattached list, and then joined the Seaforth Highlanders in order to complete preliminary service with a British regiment.

Sir Denzil Charles Jelf Ibbetson, who died on Friday last at the age of sixty, was a Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab. Born at Gainsborough in 1847,

scientific review *Cosmos*, and assistant professor of Gerhardt's School of Chemistry in Paris. He was an author whose scientific works have been translated into seven languages. His volume "Researches on the Past and Present History of the Earth's Atmosphere" has been translated into Japanese, and is used in that country as a University text-book. In addition to his many attainments as a man of science, Dr. Phipson had a great musical gift, and was urged by such good judges as Vieuxtemps and de Bériot to accept professional engagements. He refused to do this, but his violin was always at the service of a deserving charity.

Signor Nasi, member for Trepani, on the west coast of Sicily, and Minister of Education in the Zanardelli Cabinet from February 1901 to November 1903, was found guilty of peculation, after a state trial in Rome, and sentenced on Monday night to eleven months' imprisonment and expulsion from public office for four and a half years. As Signor Nasi has been in prison for seven months already, he has only four to serve. In Sicily—where Signor Nasi is regarded as a hero and a martyr, and where he was five times returned to Parliament, only to have his election annulled by the Chamber—troops were confined to barracks on Monday night, and telephonic communication with the mainland was cut off. It will be remembered that the Italian Court of Cassation decided last year that only the Senate was capable of trying an ex-Minister for offence during the discharge of his Ministerial functions. Even the sober-minded supporters or admirers of Signor Nasi must confess that the case against him has been



Photo, Clarke.

THE LATE LIEUTENANT I. C. MACFADYEN,

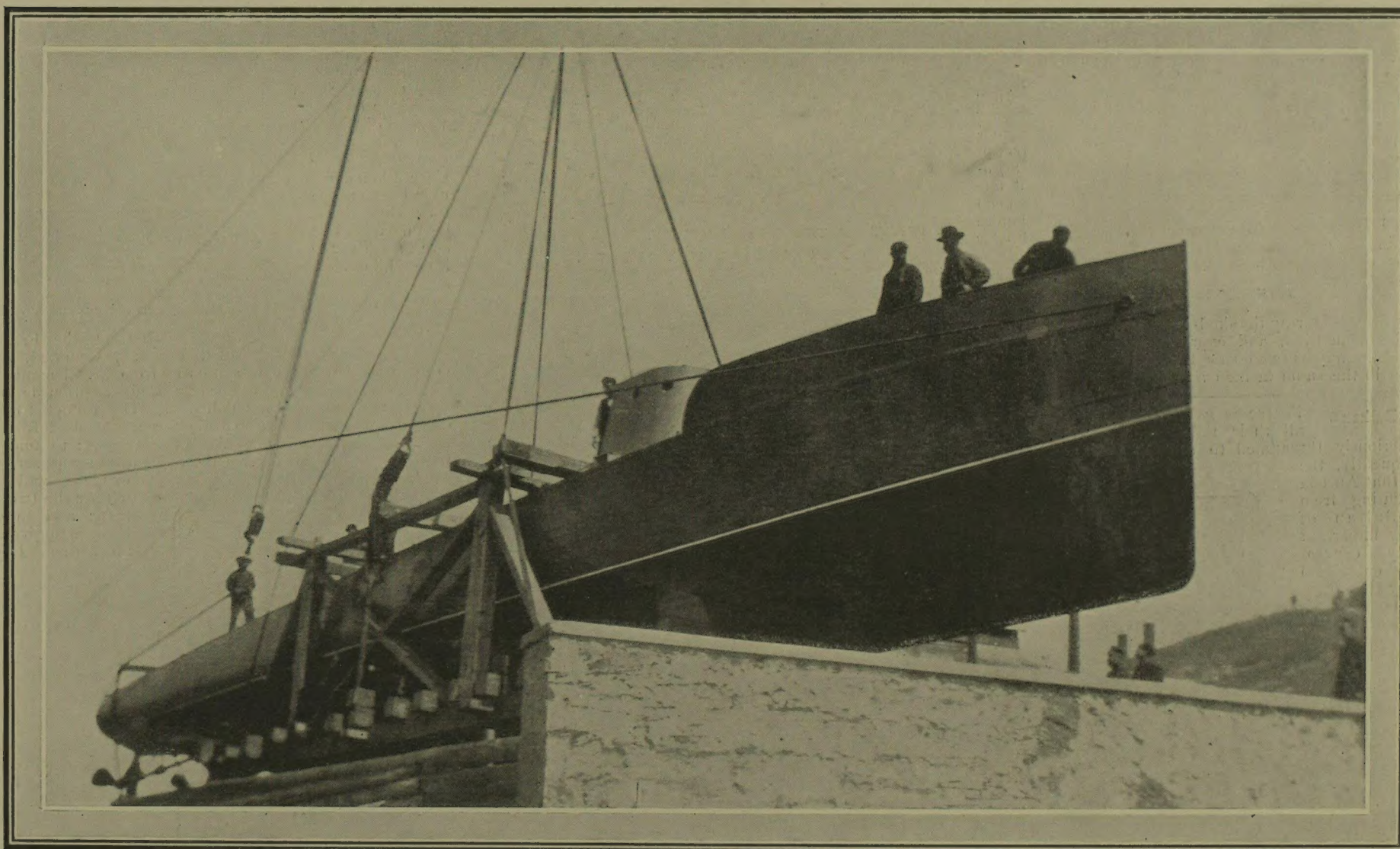
Killed on the Indian North-West Frontier.

THE LATEST DASH FOR THE SOUTH POLE, AND A DESTROYER'S FEAT.



THE DEPARTURE OF THE "NIMROD" FOR THE SOUTH POLE: THE VESSEL LEAVING LYTTTELTON, NEW ZEALAND.

The "Nimrod," which carries Lieutenant Shackleton and his party, who are to try to reach the South Pole, left Lyttelton, New Zealand, on New Year's Day. As the vessel left the harbour she was saluted by H.M.S. "Powerful," the flag-ship of the Australasian Squadron. The war-vessel was manned, and she signalled appropriate messages, finishing with "Good-bye, and good luck to you," while the ship's band played "Auld Lang Syne."—[PHOTOGRAPHS BY MESSRS. PHIL SMITH AND W. POWELL.]



A RUSSIAN MOTOR TORPEDO-BOAT SURMOUNTS A SEA-WALL: A CURIOUS POSITION FOR A VESSEL.

A fleet of motor torpedo-boats, said to be the fastest in the world, has just been completed for the Russian Navy. In order to launch the boats they were hoisted by sheer-poles over a steep harbour-wall and lowered into the water. The vessels are constructed to run at a speed of forty knots an hour.—[PHOTOGRAPH BY ILLUSTRATIONS BUREAU.]

proved up to the hilt, and his compulsory retirement from the political arena is undoubtedly calculated to benefit his country.

The Censorship.

A deputation of authors and playwrights waited upon Mr. Herbert Gladstone at the Home Office on Tuesday to urge the abolition of the stage license that is required before a play can be presented to an English audience, and to point out that the office of Censor was instituted for political ends and is opposed to the spirit of the Constitution. The protest against the Censorship of which Tuesday's deputation was the direct outcome was signed by seventy-one authors, including George Meredith, Thomas Hardy, Algernon Charles Swinburne, Joseph Conrad, and Israel Zangwill. Mr. J. M. Barrie introduced the deputation, and said it represented every movement that had been made for the better in English drama for fifty years. Mr. Pinero, in support, declared that the license is at once a menace and an insult to the dramatist, and pointed out that everywhere in the English-speaking world save in England plays are free from the Censorship. Sir W. S. Gilbert proposed that the office of Censor should have the status of a Court of First Instance, and that there should be an appeal from the

Great Britain and the Congo Question.

The sweeping statements made on Monday night in the House of Lords by Lord Cromer and Lord Fitzmaurice strengthened the view that has been held for some time in well-informed circles that the malpractices of the present

his Cabinet can be regarded in Great Britain as satisfactory unless it agrees with treaty obligations and the claims of humanity. Having regard to these speeches, and to the fact that reference was made to the existing conditions of the Congo in the King's Speech, we have every reason to hope that the prospects of the natives who have survived down to the present are brighter than they have been since King Leopold's murderous rule was established.

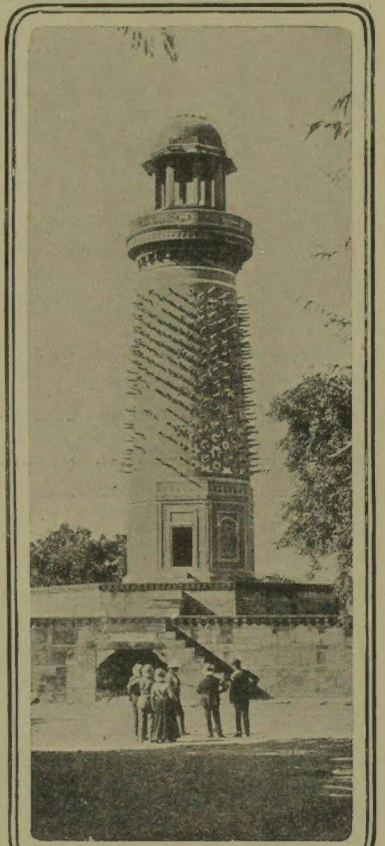
The Indian Frontier Expedition.

At the time of writing, General Willcocks seems to be making slow but sure progress against an enemy who relies upon intimate acquaintance with the tracks and paths of a difficult country, and declines to shatter his strength by coming into open conflict with the British columns. Towards the close of last week General Willcocks attacked the enemy's position at Halwai, carried it without a check and destroyed the towers. It was in this

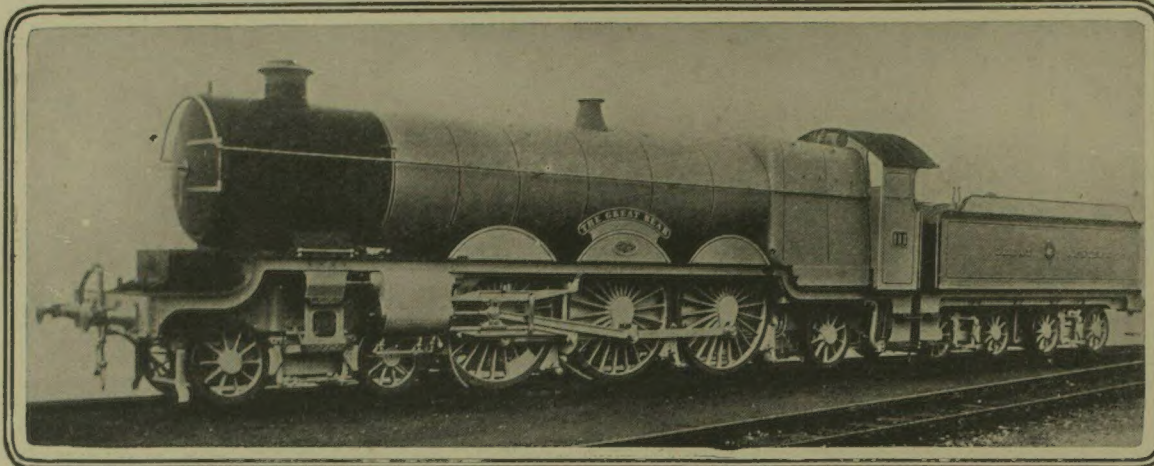
attack that Major Forbes-Sempill was killed, while he was leading the Seaforth Highlanders. Happily, our casualty list is a very light one, and the comparative immunity of the British forces is probably due to the fact that all the Indian troops are trained to-day during peace-time in the tactics of mountain warfare. At the same time, it must be admitted that unless General Willcocks can force an engagement, the campaign against the Zakka Khels may prove long, costly, and ineffective.

France and Morocco.

Although the Morocco debate in the French Chamber on Monday last resulted in a large majority for the Government, there is very little attempt made in Paris to deny the gravity of the present crisis. It is admitted that General d'Amade's operations in the country round Casa Blanca have only been successful if their success be measured by the number of Moors killed. The tribes are not more tranquil than they were, the country is no less disturbed, and since Jan. 14 the French losses amount to 57 killed and 217 wounded. It is impossible to withhold sympathy from M. Clemenceau and his Administration, because their position is one of extreme difficulty and delicacy. The French troops cannot go forward without risking a serious infringement of the terms of the Act of Algiciras; to remain where they are is to involve their country in very serious



A TOMB OF A WHITE ELEPHANT. The tomb was built by Akbar in 1546 to commemorate his white elephant. It stands in Bangkok, and is ornamented with tusks from elephants of the royal herd.



THE LARGEST ENGINE IN THE COUNTRY: A NEW TYPE OF LOCOMOTIVE FOR THE GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY. The engine is the first of its type built for any railway in Great Britain, and it holds the record for size and weight among the locomotives in this country.

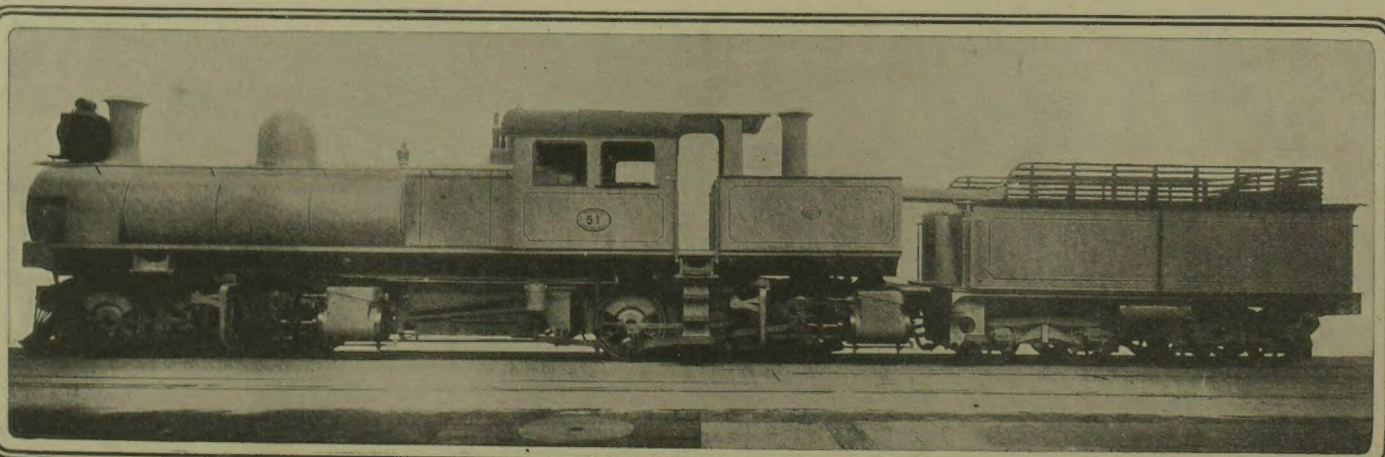
Congo Administration will soon be a thing of the past. Lord Cromer pointed out that the Congo Free State owes its establishment very largely to the efforts of this country, that its existence was recognised in the Anglo-Congo Convention on certain conditions which were part of the Protocol and Act of the Berlin Conference, and that the duties of the new State were to secure and promote the welfare of the natives and to maintain absolute freedom of trade. Lord Cromer declared that there has been a singular disregard of the rights of



A RESULT OF THE GALE: DAMAGE TO THE NOTTINGHAM POOR GIRLS' HOME AT SKEGNESS.

During the gale the southern wing of the home was wrecked and damage was done to the amount of £250. The building was nearing completion, and was shortly to have been opened by Lord Henry Bentinck.

subject races in the Congo State, coupled with a shameless exploitation of the resources of the country in the interests of foreigners. This is very strong language from a statesman of Lord Cromer's experience, but it is not too strong. Lord Fitzmaurice, however, in replying for the Government, was more guarded in his expressions, but he did not hesitate to say

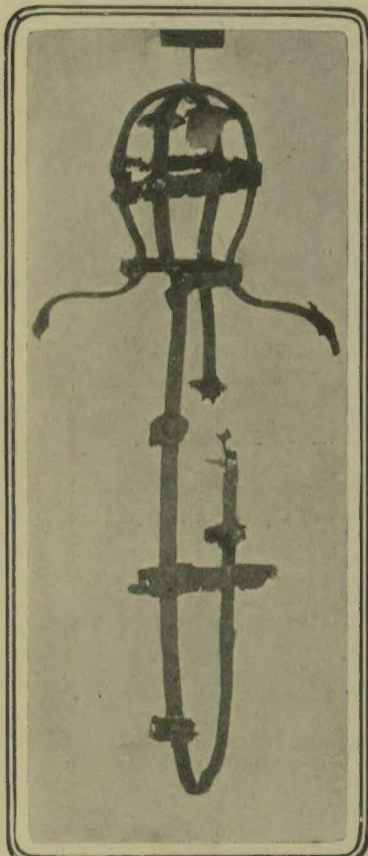


A CURIOUS LOCOMOTIVE FOR RHODESIA: A SPECIAL ADAPTATION FOR CURVES.

The locomotive has been built by Messrs. Kitson, of Leeds. It is specially adapted for severe gradients and sharp curves. The superstructure rests on two long girders attached by pivots to the six-wheeled coupled steam-driven bogies. Each bogie is itself a separate engine.

that Great Britain looks to the Belgian nation to do justice to the oppressed Congo natives, and that no arrangement between the King of the Belgians and

speedy end to further waste of blood and treasure, but the feelings of high-spirited Frenchmen forbid them to turn their back on an enemy while any hope of conquest remains.



CURIOUS GIBBET-IRONS AT NORWICH.

These irons, now in Norwich Castle Museum, were used to support the tarred bodies of criminals who were hung in chains. The irons were discovered by Mr. Rider Haggard's father.

Professor Gilbert Murray thanked Mr. Gladstone for receiving the deputation, and expressed the feeling of the British dramatists who saw their most serious efforts judged in the same fashion as the most frivolous work.

The Balkans.

For some years past the Balkans, for all their inflammable material, have not seriously threatened to set Europe on fire, and consequently, the news that Austria is securing from the Sultan of Turkey important railway concessions calculated greatly to affect the position of Salonika came as a surprise to several countries, including Great Britain. It will be remembered that Russia and Austria were jointly responsible for the Mürszteg programme, which was to provide certain urgent reforms for the Macedonian vilayets, and though the questions of equipping, organising, and paying an effective gendarmerie led to endless trouble, the Powers managed to preserve some vestige of authority.

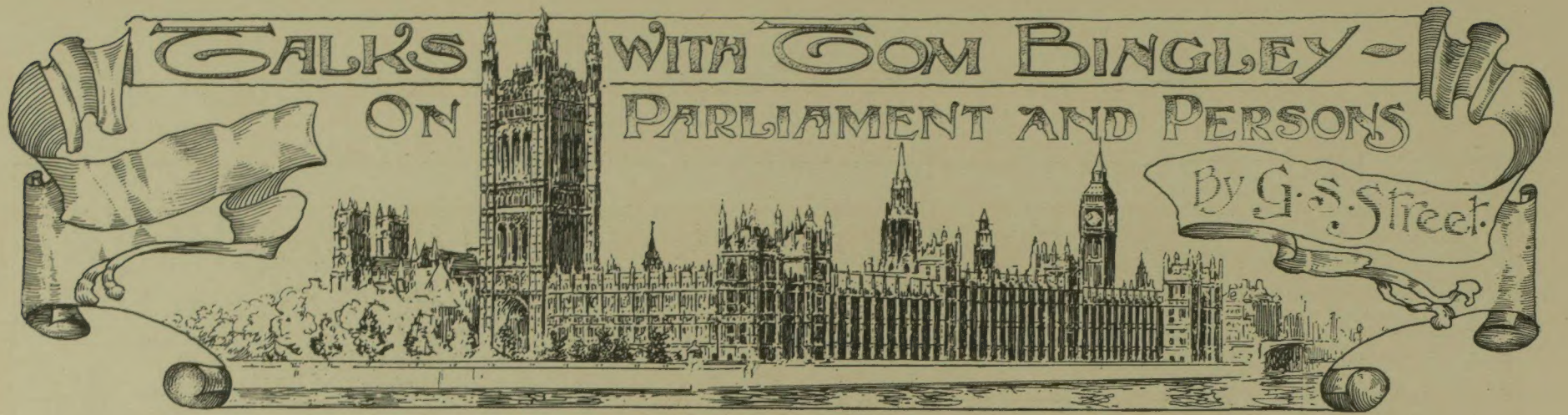
ZAKKA KHELS RETIRING TO THEIR FASTNESSES:
AN INCIDENT OF FRONTIER WAR.



ZAKKA KHELS LEAVING THEIR VILLAGE FOR MOUNTAIN SHELTERS.

As soon as the Zakka Khels knew that a punitive expedition was on its way to the Bazar Valley, they removed their women and children and their household gods to the inaccessible parts of the mountains. Our Artist's drawing cannot, of course, represent an actual scene of the present campaign, as there has not been time to receive sketches from India, but Mr. Caton Woodville has sufficient experience of the Indian frontier to insure his accuracy in a typical scene.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.



No. I.—INTRODUCING MR. TOM BINGLEY, M.P.

I DON'T know what I should do without my old friend Tom Bingley. Myself a little languid as the years go on, oppressed with the cares of this world and the deceitfulness of poverty, rather adhesive to arm-chairs, more and more inclined to go to bed before midnight, I find myself refreshed and fortified by the energy and vitality of this most vital and energetic creature. Really if I were to notice any slackening in him after one of our talks I should suspect myself for a sort of vampire, drawing the swift current of his abundant vigour into my enfeebled veins; but he is just as hearty at the end as at the beginning: in his case, emphatically, "to divide is not to take away." Tom is inexhaustible.

Now the age we live in, for all its boasting about the extraordinary pace of its life and the fever of its enterprises, is, like myself, a little languid and oppressed, a little lacking in joyousness and dash; and being asked to write some articles, it occurs to me that I had much better give it a draught or so of Tom than doses of myself. I should only depress it further; Tom (if there is any skill in my reporting) ought to animate it, and make it a better and happier age. He has lots of ideals and altruistic emotions. Whereas I—but I am going to report Tom, and I hate being egotistical.

First, however, I must try to give you an idea of my friend. It is difficult. Not that the qualities of him are elusive, but because they are so various, and you might get jumbled. Sometimes Tom is like a steam-engine, sometimes like a great blazing fire. But you must not think for a moment that there is anything blatant about him. He never swaggers, never shouts anybody down—unless he knows him quite well. With strangers, indeed, he does not let himself go easily—though I have heard him and an unknown man in a railway carriage denounce one another's ideals fiercely and unsparingly—with many "Good heavens! you actually think" and so forth—and without a break from Exeter to Paddington. But then they obviously took to one another and shook hands with a mutual instinct when they parted. With friends, with people he likes, Tom certainly can let himself go to considerable lengths. He makes full use of the freedom which men (in amiable society) who are friends permit each other, and which I fear cannot always be exactly reported in print, and of course the "rot" and "bunkum" and "poppycock" with which he likes to punctuate an opponent's arguments do demand a certain intimacy. So I fear the world generally will never hear Tom at his best. In his own country, at election time (Tom is in Parliament), he may be heard to advantage in public, but he has so far been silent in the House. The world generally must make shift with what I can tell it.

Next to his energy and vitality what refreshes me in Tom Bingley is his definiteness. I am often in two minds, am slightly swayed by this or that disputant, but Tom is free from doubt. "Brown's an ignoramus, Jones is an idiot, Robinson's the only fellow who's opinion is worth twopence." "Smith say that? Then Smith's either a fool or a liar!" Tom always knows. And he is the same in action. I am absolutely tortured with indecision where to lunch, where to go for a two days' holiday, but Tom thinks on Monday of going to Patagonia and is off on Tuesday. "Ever been to Chicago? Come with me next week. Rot about work; you never do any worth calling work. I'll send you particulars when I've looked up trains and things." I had positively to hide, not to be taken by force. All that refreshes me. Then there's his heartiness. I confess I shrink from hearty people as a rule, but I am fond of Tom and do not even mind his slap on the back, and once you don't mind that in a man his heartiness does you good. A catalogue of qualities, however, is a poor guide to knowledge: you will perceive Tom's, I hope, as we go along.

Neither, really, does a man's objective record tell you much, but you may like to know something of Tom's. He took full advantage of the public-school and university education, the object of which is to send young men into the world with minds unclogged by knowledge, so that they may be fresh and sensitive to impressions.

He reads a good deal for himself, however, and is always discovering with enthusiasm some author about whom we weary literary folk have been parroting for years. I once found him deep in a book, and he asked for half a minute while he finished a passage. Then, "I say, you know, this is really dam fine," said Tom. He was reading Keats for the first time. He inherited a charming old place in the West, backed by a large so-called independent income, of which I have never been able to make him ashamed. He admits that he is lucky, but denies that he does nothing for it. He is, indeed, an active and (comparatively) hard-working

House—with men, not with machines—you would never discover with certainty from their private conversation on which side they sat, and would probably guess the wrong side. Tom's party ties are loose; he was really elected as Tom; and at any rate in his talks with me he does not think about the Whips.

He is fond of hunting and shooting, and, I am sorry to say, ascribes my disapproval not to humanity but incompetence. I think his real opinion is that the fox likes being hunted, provided the right people hunt him—that is to say, the gentry and farmers of the fox's district. He has shot big game all over the world. He has tried mining and ranching before he came into his kingdom. He has never done any regular professional work at home. He has never married, though he is attractive to women, and the sort of man to have had what used to be called "successes"—at least I should think so; but you never know. I once told him I thought there must be some secret grief about a woman in his life: his answer, which was to upset me, chair and all, on to the floor, was enigmatical.

I will try to picture him, glad that I am to have assistance in the task. Imagine a tall fellow, some six-foot-two, broad in proportion, finely made, with rather a long, odd sort of face, a good forehead, thick hair, which he is always having cut but which always looks untidy, a smiling eye, a rather set mouth. Cleanshaven, a black man, as our ancestors called it, just on forty. He looks well in any sort of dress, about which he is particular, though nothing of a fop, but he would have looked best in armour. That, I suppose, is because he would have done well in a fight, for there is nothing romantic about him, to my eye. He is curiously swift in the minor movements of life, and my sarcasm (which he attributes to fear) is no restraint on him when his motor is on a clear road.

That brings me to our first talk after he had entered Parliament.

I met him about a fortnight after he had taken his seat, and remarked that no doubt he had been profoundly impressed by the splendid business-like efficiency of the great assembly to which he had been elected. He seemed to look over my person as if considering where to plant a vigorous blow on it, and I retreated a step. "It's really beyond a joke," said he. "It's amazing, incredible, inconceivable! There we are, half a thousand of us, who might be leading a decent human life elsewhere, brought together at great expense and inconvenience, all to listen to one another grinding out insincere platitudes. It's like a horrible nightmare." I observed that the antiquity of the machine involved a certain amount of clumsiness. "Certain amount!" he interrupted. "Why, its ingenuity in wasting time is simply diabolical. But it's not the machine. That ought to be improved, but it's not that which matters. It's the men, who hem and haw and er—er, and don't seem to have any clear ideas, and repeat themselves and each other till I'm sick. It's the infernal atmosphere of the place, which reduces everything to a languid game, and makes everybody feel that everything's hopeless. I shall cut it."

But that was some time ago, and Tom has not cut it; nor does he denounce it with his old vigour, as I lately pointed out to him. "I suppose I don't," said he. "It's a wicked abomination, yet, somehow, I'm getting rather to like it. It has a sort of morbid attraction for me. I shan't cut it yet." And just before the present Session he was quite hopeful. "There really ought to be a bit of a scrap," he said; "some of the men do really seem keen for once." "Well?" I asked him a few days later. "Oh, the old story. The old dull, boring game." "Oh, come," said I, "there have been some vigorous speeches. You ought to have been pleased." "Oh, yes; because somebody hit a dispatch box. What's the good of that?" "But everybody says John Burns was splendid!" "Yes, and I'll tell you why they say it: it's because he said there was nothing to be done immediately. That appealed at once to the most sacred convictions of the place." "Well, what would you do, Tom?" And Tom positively would do something; but I must not make him unpopular at his first introduction.



TOM BINGLEY, M.P.

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

landlord, given to scientific farming, and is immensely popular in his district, which is, to be sure, an extraordinarily happy and prosperous one. It was this popularity which induced his party to persuade him into the House.

Which party? I'm afraid I can't tell you, because I must not deal with party politics or seem to argue a case in these columns. After all, with most men in the

THE GUNS THAT ARE PUNISHING THE ZAKKA KHELS:

THE THIRD MOUNTAIN BATTERY NOW OPERATING ON THE NORTH-WESTERN FRONTIER OF INDIA.

THE mountain batteries are the most extraordinarily mobile part of our Indian forces. The gun is carried in pieces upon seven mules, and can be screwed together in a few seconds. The corps prides itself on being able to go anywhere, to climb the most inaccessible rocks, and to force its way through the most tangled forests. Mr. Kipling has dedicated a poem to the Mountain Battery, in which he calls them the pick of the army, and declares that they would "climb up the side of



a sign-board, and trust to the stick of the paint." The mountain gunners will plant their piece on the most impossible ground, and hold it in position with ropes while they fire. Then they will limber up, pack the gun on its mules, and be off to another position before the enemy has had time to locate them. They are gunners and engineers in one, and they carry material to build their own bridges. Our central photograph gives an excellent idea of the difficult ground they traverse.



1. THE SEVEN MULES THAT CARRY ONE GUN.
2. THE AXLE-MULE.
3. THE WHEEL-MULE.
4. THE TRAIL-MULE.
5. HALF THE BARREL ON ONE MULE.
6. MAKING A WAY FOR THE THIRD MOUNTAIN BATTERY.
7. THE MULE WITH THE OTHER HALF OF THE BARREL.
8. THE FIRST AMMUNITION-MULE.
9. THE SECOND AMMUNITION-MULE.
10. SCREWING THE GUN TOGETHER.
11. THE BATTERY HALTING.
12. READY TO FIRE.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY MR. W. H. PANGBOURNE.

ART · MUSIC · AND · THE · DRAMA

ART NOTES.

THE canvases collected at the New Gallery under the catchpenny title of "Fair Women" are far removed from the commonplace of prettiness. Indeed, the exhibition is one of the most various and most interesting of recent years. The subject-matter of the collection is broader and better than beauty in woman—is woman herself. Had only "Fairs," adorned these walls, several masterpieces of painting, and of femininity, had been out of place.

We have said it is an interesting exhibition: the proof is easy. In the first room a series of miraculous drawings by Mr. A. E. John lead the way to—Rossetti! Of the Johns we would particularly mention the nameless head executed in sanguine, and the study of the tragic Signorina Mimi Aguglia—smiling! But all the Johns are near high-water mark. The severe studies of stiffly-robed women are even in accord with the spirit of the splendid Rossettis lent by Mr. S. C. Cockerell. In these the genius of emotion transfigures every line, and the artist becomes a great technician because he is a great man.

In the second room, too, it will be a case of looking and overlooking. If there are no bad pictures, there are transcendently good ones. By no means unaware of Mr. Greiffenhagen, Mrs. Swynherton, and M. Carolus Duran, we come to the "Mrs. Hammerslev" of Mr. Wilson Steer, a picture noticed but lately in these columns. Other



MISS NINA SEVENING,
Mr. Maude's new leading lady at the Playhouse.



MISS NINA BOUCICAULT,
Cast for Tilda Reeves in "The Lord of Latimer Street," at Terry's.



THE NEW JULIET AT THE LYCEUM:
MISS NORAH KERIN.



A NEW RECRUIT FROM THE PLAYHOUSE TO THE MUSIC HALL: MISS CONSTANCE COLLIER, NOW APPEARING AT THE EMPIRE.



"POTTED PLAYS" AT THE APOLLO:
MR. PELISSIER AND MISS DOLLIS BROOKE PARODY
THE FAMOUS "MERRY WIDOW" WALTZ.



MISS ANGELA VANBRUGH, SISTER OF MISSES VIOLET AND IRENE VANBRUGH, NOW PLAYING IN "HER FATHER" AT THE HAYMARKET.

painter of ideas and the heavens, to Corot, of landscape, as to all others, woman has ever been a chief preoccupation, and here we see Watts come down from his cloud-supported ladder, and Corot come in from the fields, to give their best attention to the cheek. But where is Watts, when one stands before the concentrated glories of Monticelli's second picture, "The Cock-fight"? Its sky, its colour, its splendour, drive all faithfulness from the eyes, and in a moment's extravagance of admiration one would take this little picture in exchange for centuries of masterpieces. We have not space to name all the remaining important works. Signor Mancini's "Mrs. Hunter" is magnificent in black upon a sofa clothed in gold. Very pallid in comparison are the beauties of Mr. Orpen's "Portrait of a Lady," or Mr. Nicholson's "Alice." In the North Room are Mr. Augustus John's "Seraphita," Mr. Sargent's "Lady Elcho, Lady Tennant and Mrs. Adeane," his "The Duchess of Portland," "Miss Evans," "Lady Eden," and that anonymous but familiar lady in black evening dress, whose face stands out upon its background as sharply white as Pierrot's



"HER FATHER" TRYING TO ENTERTAIN HER: MR. CYRIL KEIGHTLEY, MR. ARTHUR BOURCHIER, AND MISS MARIE LOHR IN "HER FATHER," AT THE HAYMARKET.

seems to have taste and temperament, but for neither do the hands respond with sufficient facility to the brain. A prolonged course of study would seem to be indicated in each case, and then the performers may be heard with pleasure and profit,

MUSIC.

WE have had occasion to refer to the merits of the New Symphony Orchestra, which is coming rapidly to the front under the spirited direction of Mr. Thomas Beecham. This orchestra recently advanced its claims to recognition by projecting a series of evening orchestral concerts at the Queen's Hall. The first was given on Wednesday night (26th), two are promised for March, one for April, and one for May. Mr. Beecham is striking out a line for himself, and is avoiding programmes made up of music that is too familiar. He relies upon work that is either new or is very little known, and the wisdom of his choice is undoubted. In the first place the very familiar items of the average concert programme are rendered as well as anybody can desire by existing orchestras, and, in the second place, our concert-halls are not too well supplied with novelties.

Mr. Moritz Moszkowski's visit to London last week reminds us that we are growing up. Time was when we regarded his facile writing, with its attractive melodies and skilled treatment, as something that mattered very much indeed. His spell was cast over the suburbs; every young lady who had ambition to shine in the world of music paid tribute to Mr. Moszkowski, so that his royalties must have been as sand upon the seashore for multitude. Doubtless the pianist-composer still enjoys a very large measure of patronage in these islands, but we think it was a little unwise of him to present a programme composed entirely of his own compositions. Since the days when Mr. Moszkowski first obtained his vogue in this country we have grown up, but the composer's music has not grown with us. It remains pretty, and nobody can deny the facility with which the composer turns his thoughts to the best account. But in a strictly musical sense, many of those thoughts were hardly worth the thinking. Mr. Moszkowski has not moved with the times.

Miss Myra Hess, who gave

a recital on Saturday last at the Aeolian Hall, has made considerable progress in her work in eighteen months. Her feeling for the music that is really great is growing deeper, and her expression of the more serious side of great masters is sincere and musicianly. She acquitted herself very creditably, at times brilliantly, through a recital that must have involved no small tax of physical endurance.

Miss Mildred Marks and Mr. Alfred Moyle, who gave a piano and 'cello recital last week at the Aeolian Hall, are noticeable more for what they promise than for what they have achieved. In common with many players who give recitals while they should still be studying, both pianist and 'cellist attempted music that is at present lying a little beyond their capacity. And this selection of work is the more to be regretted because, had the choice fallen upon simpler pieces, the result would have been altogether pleasant. Each player

THE MOTOR-RACE ROUND HALF THE WORLD: THE START FOR THE NEW-YORK-PARIS CONTEST.



THE cars which started were a De Dion-Bouton, driven by M. G. Chaffray, a Motobloc driven by M. Godard, a Sizaire-Naudin driven by M. Pons, a Protos driven by some German officers, a Brixia-Zust driven by Signor Scarfoglio, and a Thomas with Mr. Montague Roberts at the steering-wheel.



1. THE 20,000-MILE COURSE: THE ROAD FROM NEW-YORK TO PARIS.
2. ROBERTS IN THE THOMAS CAR.
3. THE CARS ON THE STARTING-LINE TEN MINUTES BEFORE THE START.
4. THE PROTOS CAR, WITH KNAPE AT THE WHEEL.

5. THE THOMAS CAR READY FOR THE ROAD.
6. THE SIZAIRE-NAUDIN CAR IN THE CUSTOM HOUSE.
7. THE START FROM TIMES SQUARE, NEW YORK.
8. THE DE DION CAR IN THE CUSTOM HOUSE.

9. THE MOTOBLOC CAR IN THE CUSTOM HOUSE.
10. THE ITALIAN COMPETITORS IN THE ZUST CAR—WINTER DRESS.
11. THE DE DION CAR WITH CHAFFRAY AT THE WHEEL.
12. THE DE DION'S CREW IN OVERALLS: BONCIER, CHAFFRAY, AND JACKSON.

The extraordinary race from New York to Paris began on the 12th of the month, and the drivers of the six motor-cars that started told their friends that they hoped to be in Paris in July. There were some 300,000 spectators along Broadway, New York, to see the start, and 200 automobiles carried the members of the New York Automobile Club for the first few miles of the journey.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SHEPSTONE.

A GRIM PASTURAGE IN THE OUTSKIRTS OF HANKOW: A TEMPORARY BURYING - PLACE.



GRAZING - GROUND AND CEMETERY: A CHINESE VIOLATION OF SANITARY LAW.

The Chinese do not bury their dead at once, but they leave the coffin exposed to the open air. At Hankow there is a field strewn with the coffins of the victims of a recent cholera epidemic. So careless are the Chinese of hygiene that cattle are allowed to graze at will in the cemetery.

